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BUSINESS MANAGER

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WHOLE NUMBER 358.

The Second Wife.

A melancholy woman lay
In sickness on her bed,
And in her faint and broken voice
To her poor husband said:

"Dear David, when my earthly form
Has turned to little clay,
Oh, wait and weep little while—
Not three hours away."

"I know a woman, kind and true,
On whom you may depend;
Oh marry Arabella Jones—
She is my dearest friend."

"Yes, Hattie, I have much desired
To talk of this, before—
For Arabella Jones and I
Have thought the matter over."

"Then you and Arabella Jones
Have been too soon and sly—
Tell you, David Wilkinson,
I am not a goin' to die!"

Her dark eyes flashed, her strength returned
She left her bed of pain;
A week had hardly passed away
When she was well again.

A Gem.

There's many an empty cradle,
There's many a vacant bed,
There's many a lonely bosom
Whose joy and light have fled;
For thick in every grave-yard
The little hillocks lie,
And every hillock represents
An angel in the sky.

Faults.

He who boasts of being perfect—
says a modern writer—is perfect in his folly. I have been a great deal up and down in the world, and I never did see either a perfect horse or a perfect man, and I never shall until I

see two Sundays come together. You

can not get white flour out of a coal sack; nor perfection out of human nature; he who looks for it had better look for sugar in the sea. The old saying is, "lifeless, faultless." Of

dead men we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tattered more or less with the black brush, and half an eye can see it. Every head has a soft place in it, and every heart has its black drop. Every rose has its prickles, and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. No body is so wise but he has folly enough to stock a stall at Vanity Fair. Where I could not see the fool's cap, I have, nevertheless, heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less of evil; even poor-law guardians have

their little failings, and parish beadles are not wholly of a heavenly nature.

The best wine has its lees. All men's

faults are not written on their foreheads, and it is quite as well they are not, or hats would need wide brims;

yet as sure as eggs are eggs, faults of

some kind nestle in every man's bosom. There's no telling when a man's

faults will show themselves, for hares

pop out of a ditch just when you are not looking for them. A horse that is

weak in the knees may not stumble

for a mile or two, but it is in him; and

the rider had better hold him up well.

The tabby cat is not lapping milk

just now, but leaves the dairy door

open and we will see if she is not as

bad a thief as the kitten. There's fire

in the flint, cool as it looks; wait till

the steel gets a knock at it, and you

will see. Every body can read that

riddle; but it is not every body that

will remember to keep his gunpowder

out of the way of the candle.

What the Country Needs.

Fewer dogs and more sheep.

Fewer fences and more pastures.

Fewer bar-rooms and more schools.

Fewer scrub cattle and more good

ones.

Fewer wire-pullers in popular con-

ventions, and more people.

Fewer idle politicians and idle per-

sons, and more industry.

Fewer men who seek office, and

more men whom the office seeks.

Fewer loafers about railroad sta-

tions, street corners, stores and tav-

erns.

Fewer impetuous young men, eager

to rush into print and raise the devil

generally.

Fewer men to advocate the election

of favorites on personal grounds, and

more for the public good.

Fewer juvenile Statesmen, who are

eager to rush into the place their sen-

iors and betters ought to occupy.

Fewer "leaders" to knuckle to pop-

ular prejudices, and more leaders to

combat such prejudices when wrong.

Fewer great men made to order and

of small material, and thrust in front

of men who have a capacity for great-

ness.

Fewer trucking demagogues, who

are any thing or nothing; as interest

dictates, and more brave men who

dare to do their own thinking, and

speak what they think.

There is scarcely an aile to which

children are subject, so bad to bear

and difficult to cure, as the carache.

But this is a remedy, never known

to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting,

put upon it a pinch of black pepper,

gather it up and tie it, dip it in sweet

oil, and insert it into the ear. Put a

flannel bandage over the head to keep

it warm. It will give immediate re-

lief.

THE LOVE THAT LASTED.

Stuttering.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.] The following romantic story shows that the adage, "the course of true love never runs smooth," is as true now as when first written:

Ten years ago in Lewis county, Ky., a young lawyer named Phil Hodge, married Miss Addie Sillet, amid flowers, music and hearty congratulations of friends. When the guests had departed, Hodge went to the bridal chamber, where he remained during the night. At early dawn he left the house, and in passing out he met a servant of his wife's father, to whom he said, "Tell your master I am gone forever." The new made father-in-law, upon receiving this message, hurried to his daughter's room, where, to his amazement, he found her still in her wedding robes with hair disheveled and veil torn off, and in a state of great excitement. A severe spell of fever followed, but never in the wildest delirium did she betray the cause of her agony, and thus it has remained a theme of conjecture ever since. To a friend the other day she for the first time told the cause. Here is the story:

"Lon Foliet and I have been raised together. I had received most marked attention from him, but I never dreamed of marrying him, for he had a mother and sister depending upon him for a livelihood. Phil Hodge, who I only knew a few years, courted me, I accepted him, and my admiration for him tempted me to believe I loved him. The night of our wedding, I w-w-want a d-d-dime's worth of tobacco."

"Fi-fine-cut or plug?" innocently questioned Nestor.

"G-g-go to hell with your tobacco; I'm n-not here to be insulted," angrily exclaimed the stranger, rushing from the store.

Nestor saw the mistake, and was induced to indulge in a half smile over it.

Sherry Plack.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania, tells a comical story of a trial in which a German doctor appeared for the defense in the case for damages brought against a client by the object of his assault. The eminent jurist soon recognized in his witness, who was produced as a medical expert, a laboring man who some years before and in another part of the country had been engaged by him as a builder of post-and-rail fences. With this cue he opened his cross-examination. "You say, Doctor," he began, with great dexterence and suavity, "that you operated upon Mr. ——'s head after it was cut with Mr. ——?"

"Oh, yaw," replied the ex-fence-builder, "me do dat; yaw, yaw."

"Was the wound a very severe one, Doctor?"

"Enough to kill him if I not safe his life."

"Well, Doctor, what did you do for him?"

"Everything."

"Did you perform the Cesarian operation?"

"Oh, yaw, yaw; it me not do dat die he."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Yaw, yaw; we do dat, too."

"Did you hold a post-mortem examination?"

"Oh, to be schure, Schudge; me al-ways do dat."

"Well, now, Doctor," and here the Judge bent over in a friendly, familiar way, "tell us whether you submitted your patient to the process known among medical men as post-and-rail fencing?"

The mock doctor drew himself up indignantly. "Sherry Plack," said he, "allways known you a tam jayhawk lawyer, an' now I know you was a tam mean man!"—[Louisville Courier.]

The habit that obtains in many families of "heaping" food and giving a little and considerable more than is asked for, has nothing to be said in its favor, and a great deal against it. Unless one has a strong, firm appetite that only an earthquake or a tempest could effect, a large quantity of food is appalling. It is much pleasanter to send one's plate and have it replenished, than to be obliged to leave food upon the plate. In order to leave food upon the plate, one is prone to overeat, from an idea of "saving" the food. Economy does not signify a lack of plenitude nor stinginess. It means enough for each and all, and nothing is wasted, and when food is served in overabundance, waste must be the result, unless, indeed, the surplus is gathered together again—the simple idea of which is disgusting. Moreover, it is a comfort to get just what one asks for—if "half a cup of tea," that much and no more.

His FORMER ADDRESS.—A Milford man, stupefied by drink and the cold, was found near the Fair Haven Rolling mill the other night, and taken in and resuscitated amid the lurid glare of the molten iron and the din of the machinery. As he slowly came to and was asked where he belonged; he looked around him in a frightened manner, and replied, "Well, when I was on earth I lived at Milford!"—[Springfield Republican.]

Dr. Strousberg, the "famous rail-way king" and bankrupt, has arranged an amicable settlement with his creditors. He offers 3 per cent. in liquidation of the claims against him, without overoots. Moral—It is as easy for the squirrel to tell what the weather will be by what the man wears, as for the man by what the squirrel wears.

They are making furniture in Eng-

land of glass, which, it is claimed, is

more durable than wood, is very cheap,

and can be worked into beautiful forms.

An Electrical Lady.

Of course we are full of sympathy for a person afflicted by any impediment in speech, as well as for one suffering from any trouble, yet the stammerer oftentimes furnishes laughable instances which, when not mentioned in a breath of ridicule, there can be no harm in repeating. In this latter connection I would mention an old acquaintance.

He was a little active fellow, proprietor of a small grocery and candy shop in a little village East of Chicago. Generally a good hearted fellow, he never became angry unless some mention of his stammering was made by persons desiring to ridicule him.

Bad boys would sometimes enter his store, and ask the price of something which they knew was marked a shilling, for my friend Nestor was so sensitive that he would rather lose a cent or two on an article than attempt to remark that the price of it was a "s-s-shilling." The boys knew this, of course, and so, when asked the price of a shilling article, Nestor would evade their ridicule, and promptly reply that it was worth a "d-d-dime."

Only once did Nestor smile at his own misfortune.

One day a stranger entered his store, and approaching the counter said:

"I w-w-want a d-d-dime's worth of tobacco."

"Fi-fine-cut or plug?" innocently questioned Nestor.

"G-g-go to hell with your tobacco; I'm n-not here to be insulted," angrily exclaimed the stranger.

Nestor saw the mistake, and was induced to indulge in a half smile over it.

Have a System.

Whatever you do, have a system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others' have been confused. System! It has been a victor in war. It is the powerful scepter that the true Statesman and political economist wields in government, and it has been and still is the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortunes.

She DIED FOR LOVE.—Miss Rose

Solomon, a beautiful Jewess, of Hopkinsville, Ky., who has been visiting friends in Nashville for a few weeks, took twenty grains of morphine, dying soon after, on the 15th. Miss Solomon, it is stated, was engaged to a gentleman of high standing in Cincinnati, and the marriage was soon to take place; but she received a letter from the gentleman, stating that he had changed his mind, and it would be impossible for him to marry her. In grief she took the fatal dose.

Cordwood and dried apples not taken at par for subscriptions. At the head of its editorial columns appears the following verse, which seems to map out the course of the paper:

We do not belong to our patrons;

Our paper is wholly our own;

Whoever may like it may take it;

Who don't may just let it alone.

How on earth do you manage to get along so well? I thought that only three or four years ago you were dead over heels in debt."

"O, those were old debts; I never pay old my old debts."

"But your new ones?"

"I let them get old."—[New York World.]

A newspaper in the inside coat-pocket

saved a New Yorker from an assassin's bullet. The time is not far distant when it will be suicidal for a man not to take a paper. Now is the time to subscribe for our bullet-proof journal. Trade dollars taken in exchange for subscriptions. Don't expose your life to the pistol of the assassin. See terms at the head of this paper.

IDEAS ABOUT IDEAS.—When a young man enters journalism he weaves a spider's web of words around a fly of an idea. In time he learns to secure the fly without the web, and when he holds it up for inspection every body can see just what it is. A good idea in a sea of words is like Venus with a linen duster on, buttoned up to the chin.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bulldog; it is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

Dame Nature on January 1st, pre-

sented every man, woman and child

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 24, 1879.

H. P. WALTON. - Editor

THE wave that promised to sweep the State for Blackburn, is not materializing as expected. Underwood is keeping close behind the "Hero," the instructed vote now standing 84 for Blackburn, and 65 for Underwood. Watt Hardin, for Attorney General has double the votes of his two opponents. Hewitt leads Smith for Auditor, so far. Henderson for Superintendent of Public Instruction, has double the votes of any of his competitors. D. H. Hughes is the leading man now for the Lieutenant Governorship, and W. L. Vories for Register of the Land Office. But the fun has scarcely begun yet; it takes 804 votes to secure the nomination.

A PENSION ACT which provides that all pensions on account of death or wounds received, or disease contracted in the service of the United States during the late War of the Rebellion which have been granted, or which shall hereafter be granted, shall commence with the date of death or discharge from the service of the United States for the payment of arrears of pensions and other purposes, has been passed by both Houses of Congress. This will relieve the Treasury of from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000.

DANIEL W. VORHEES was elected Senator by the Indiana Legislature Tuesday last, for both the short and long terms by a majority of twenty. John A. Logan has been elected Senator from Illinois. His party voted in a body for him. Several other Senators have been elected this week. After the 4th of March, the Senate will stand, Democrats, 42; Republicans, 33; Independents, 1.

NEWS PARAPHRASES. — The cypher telegrams are to be investigated. Robt. Anderson, for wife murder, has been sentenced to death. The deed was committed in Louisville. A two million and a half fire has just occurred in New York. Hartman, of Pennsylvania, is likely to get the Berlin Mansion, made vacant by the death of Bayard Taylor.

WE learn that Scarlet fever has broken out in Hamilton College, Lexington, and that a number of the young ladies have left the institution. This disease in its most virulent form is raging in New York, and several hundred die weekly of it.

THE Governor has ordered the return of the mounted soldiers from Breathitt, they having arrested most of the parties indicted for the murder of Judge Burnett. A continuance in the Jason Little case for wife murder was refused.

ROSCOE CONKLIN, a bitter enemy of Hayes, but a black Republican, was elected Senator by the New York Legislature on Wednesday. This is his third election. Don Cameron is elected Senator from Pennsylvania.

THE recent term of the Bourbon Court closed without a single person sentenced to the Penitentiary. The Circuit Clerk, Jas. E. Paton, was indicted under the law prohibiting drunkenness in public officers.

THE total number of failures in the United States for 1878, were 10,478 with liabilities amounting to \$234,600,000. This shows an increase over 1877, of 1,571 in number, and \$40,000,000 in amount.

JUDGE DURHAM'S bill offered last Monday to repeal all laws in regard to the appointment and pay of supervisors of election and their aids will, no doubt, as it should, be promptly passed.

THE next semi-annual session of the Blue Grass Temperance Convention will be held in Nicholasville, beginning Friday 18th and continuing three days.

JUDGE T. T. ALEXANDER, of Louisville, has formally announced himself a candidate for Governor. He is a little late, but is confident that he will catch up.

THE Cincinnati Southern Railroad's earnings for the quarter ending December 31st were \$103,399.56 net. Of this amount the city got \$86,929.03.

GEN. GRANT, wife, son Fred, and party, left Paris on the 21st, for a voyage around the world at the expense of the people of the U. S.

DEATHS. — Mr. Henry Metcalf, of Jessamine, father of Mr. John Metcalf, of Boyle, died of apoplexy on the 19th, aged 80 years.

MOCK — Mr. Lewis Mock, an old and well known citizen of this place, died at his residence, on Lexington street, on the 16th inst., in the 73rd year of his age. — (Danville Advocate).

NOT DELINQUENT.

The Sheriff makes a few corrections and is willing to make more. — **RABBIT HILL**, Jan. 22d, '79. — **Editor Interior Journal:** There appeared a published list of Delinquent Tax payers for 1877, in your paper of last week, made by order and contract between you and the County Court. And as that list was published, does injustice to few of those whose names are given, I wish you to publish the corrections due, and state that at the June Court, we returned a list, as published, and it was accepted, and an order made that all that did not pay by the 1st of October last,

should be published, and I trust that order in your paper. All the names being marked (D) opposite them. Subsequently some few paid and got receipts from me or some of my deputies, and were so marked with initials at end of list, leaving letter (D) and being pressed to make out our 1878 list, the two deputies that ran over the 177 list failed to credit all. You know I asked you not to print the list until I could have it supervised, but owing to press of Court and bad weather, I did not call for it last week, and it was printed. Now I send you a list of those that paid and was published, through an unintentional mistake, and will here state that I will correct any mistakes made by me or my deputies; and those like uncle Wat, who say they have not been dimmed enough, come forward and pay, and I will trust to the Treasurer and publish that you have paid, as the Court, by Judge Brown, says it will be ratified. With due respect,

A. M. FELAND, S. I. C.

The following is a list of those who were published as Delinquents who have paid for 1877:

Stanford - White.

Huffman, Wm. paid W. B. Feland. Lister, Richard, paid A. M. Feland. Butcher, Jas. A. has paid, Feland. Baker, James not found.

Colored.

Bryant, Jeff paid S. H. Hickle. Miller, Peter " S. H. H. Owesley, Wesley paid E. B. Caldwell. Shanks, Walker paid W. B. F. Warren, James paid A. M. F. Young, Wm. "

Walnut Flat - White.

Chandler, Jas. paid A. M. F. Hollis, Wm. paid W. B. F. Higgins, John paid C. A. Jones, John A. paid W. B. F. Newland, Dudley Jr. listed twice.

Colored.

Givens, Sampson paid Daniel Miller. Lockett, Lot paid A. M. F.

Crab Orchard - White.

Buckner, George paid W. B. F. Hasty, George W. paid D. M. Hardin, Samuel paid A. M. F. Hampton, J. S. paid E. B. C. & D. M. Payne, David paid A. M. F. in Clinton. Renfro, James paid D. M.

Colored.

Givens, Sampson paid Daniel Miller. Shanks, Thomas paid D. M.

Hustonville - White.

Alford, Jack paid W. B. F. Campbell, George paid J. A. Cohen. Carter, T. J. paid W. B. F. Douglas, Jno. T. paid D. M. by order of Judge Brown.

GARRARD COUNTY.

Lancaster.

ASSIGNMENT.—John Y. Leavell, a leading farmer and stock trader of this county, has made an assignment. Liabilities, \$16,000; assets estimated at \$12,000.

A MURDERER ARRESTED. — Walker Kavanaugh, the negro who foully murdered John Reid, colored, a short time ago, was arrested Friday at Irvine, Ky., and lodged in jail here last Sunday.

NEW BUILDING. — Mr. Ashley, one of our leading builders, has just finished the residence of Mr. Wade Walker, near Hiattsville. It is one of the most elegant buildings in the county, well worthy the pride of the owner and the architect.

MINOR MENTION. — We have a new Concert Band, which promises fine music for Lancaster in the future. Jos. N. Sandifer is leader. The other members are Eugene Bushy, Sam H. Bushy, James Hemphill, Walker Landrum, John Storn, Tom Johnson and Bob Kinnaird.

CANDY PULLINS. — Misses Maggie and Allie Dunn gave their friends a "Candy-pulling" Wednesday evening. On Thursday evening the young gentlemen of the town gave a similar entertainment at the Lancaster Hotel. Candy is very much worn this season. The Advocate reporter from this place is an adept in administering sugar-coated pills.

PERSONAL. — Owesley Dunn returned to Richmond on Tuesday evening. W. C. Wherries is at home for a month's holiday. Mrs. M. Chaires Dunlap elegantly entertained Col. and Mrs. Mat Walton, with a few other friends, on Friday evening. Miss Mattie Fisher, of Danville, is visiting the family of G. W. Dunlap, Jr. Harry Wilds, our efficient Police Judge, has moved his law office to the room over the Engine House. Judge Owesley is daily expected from Washington. Mrs. Blair may accompany him.

BUCKEY.

DAW SWEEP OFF. — A rumpor reaches us that the Messrs. Blakeman's mill-dam on Paint Lick, has been swept away by the breaking up of the ice on the creek.

LASUS INJURED. — The snow has almost entirely disappeared and fears are entertained that the land herabouts have been much injured by the "washing" of the heavy rain that carried off the snow.

FASHIONABLE. — A sudden influx of "style" has taken possession of Buckeye, and French twists, plastrons, dog-collars and walking-dresses, form the chief topics of conversation among the "Buckeyes."

GETTING BETTER. — Mrs. Price, an aged neighbor, who was hurt by a fall on the snow a short time ago, has recovered from its ill effects.... Miss Ann Eliza Davis has been seriously ill for many weeks, but is now thought to be slowly convalescing. We hope she may soon be restored to health.

TOO POOR TO EAT. — Game of all kinds have been unusually abundant, for some time past. Partridges and other birds pay daily visits in large numbers to barns and granaries, and are victimized by trap and shot-gun on all sides. Two or three gentlemen of this neighborhood, went hunting last week and bagged fifty-five rabbits — the result of one day's sport.

A SENSIBLE OWL. — During the recent severe cold spell, Mr. Marion Murphy, upon entering his barn one morning discovered an owl blinking slowly down upon him from its perch on a rafter over his head. Something singular in the appearance of the bird attracted his attention, and looking more closely, he saw a mouse's tail protruding from its feathers. A closer investigation revealed the fact that the gaudy owl had captured a mouse and secreted it under its wing with the evident intention of keeping the dainty morsel warm until meal-time.

THE Sheriff makes a few corrections and is willing to make more.

RABBIT HILL, Jan. 22d, '79. — **Editor Interior Journal:** There appeared a published list of Delinquent Tax payers for 1877, in your paper of last week, made by order and contract between you and the County Court. And as that list was published, does injustice to few of those whose names are given, I wish you to publish the corrections due, and state that at the June Court, we returned a list, as published, and it was accepted, and an order made that all that did not pay by the 1st of October last,

ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

MR. FERSON.

STOCK — MATTERS.—Geo. W. McClure and Jack Adams, Jr., will leave here next Tuesday, with a car load of mules for the Southern market.

WELL AGAIN. — Mr. R. L. Myers, who has been confined to his room by illness since the first of December, made his appearance in town Tuesday, looking as if he had entirely recovered his health.

PERSONAL. — Miss Effie Owen, a sweet little maiden of this county, is visiting relatives in Bourbon.... Charlie Stewart, of Pine Hill, will leave next week for the East, where he will engage in his former business as a railroad Engineer.

WORTHY OF MENTION. — Tom Miller, James Frazer and Ben Kister, fought "like brave men, long and well" at the fire the other night. Among the colored men, Porcine Hopper, Walk Newcom, Jno. Taylor and "Bayard," distinguished themselves.

MAN Y ARE CALLED, BUT FEW CHOOSE. — Mr. Geo. DeJarnett, of the Paint Lick neighborhood, has been called upon by "A Voter" to represent Madison county in the next Legislature.

HELD WITHOUT BAIL. — Miss Sallie Roberts, alias Reasons, was brought before Esq. M. R. Moore and T. J. Hansell, last Saturday, to answer the charge of infanticide. But three witnesses were examined for the Commonwealth and none for the defense. She was held without bail to the Circuit Court.

LOOKING INTO THE PENSION AGENCIES. — Mr. Arthur Shepherd—brother of the famous "Boss" of Washington City, a special agent of the Pension Department, was in town this week, looking after some of the "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain," of Pension Agents and others, in this county.

BLOOD ON THE MOON. — A dangerous looking individual, carrying a more dangerous looking gun, stepped into our office for evening, since, and inquired for "Mr. Joplin." We pointed out the late Sheriff, who sat near, but our visitor remarked, "He isn't the man. It's Ben Joplin, I'm wanting to see." Benet, you must learn to behave yourself, we have been doing now?

TOO CHEAP. — The express wagon that has been running between this place and Lexington for the last four months, and has carried passengers all the way for twenty-five cents, has been discontinued.

YOU SUCCEDED ADMIRABLY, HOWEVER.

Being a stranger, and not fully acquainted with the masters of the city and country, I

labor under a disadvantage in getting news and items of interest for your paper.

NEW BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE. — E.C. Park, late of the house of B. B. Dillingham, and Tom Moher have formed a partnership and will open out next week a new boot and shoe store in the room lately occupied by W. H. Park & Co.

CHANGE OF VENUE REFUSED. — The Common Pleas Court adjourned last Saturday, after a six-day's session. The docket was small and the cases of little importance. Last Friday the case of the infant children, who had been killed by Walter Saunders and Tuckall deed, against the Trustees of the town of Richmond, in which they sue for \$100,000 damages for their killing was called, and a motion by the counsel for the plaintiff for a change of venue, supported by the affidavits of Nathan Gentry and A. W. Cosby, made which was overruled by the court.

PERSONAL. — W. H. Greenleaf, at the present writing sick and unable to attend to business, Dr. Beck McDonald and his partner, L. H. Miller, are sojourning this week with their bachelor friend, Sam Ross, on Silver Creek, "the beautiful and accomplished" Harvey Riddell, of Irvine, Ky., spent several days with friends here this week. James R. Burnam, who has been absent on a pleasure trip to Lexington and Cincinnati, has returned home. Walter Bennett, for the last five years Teller in the Farmers National Bank, has tendered his resignation. Now's the time to apply.

CASEY COUNTY.

Middlebury.

WORK on the Seminary will be resumed in a few days.

BURN. — To the wife of James K. Coffey, on the 10th inst.—a daughter.

LET IT STICK TO IR. — Our merchants have closed their doors against credit, and are selling strictly for cash.

DEATH. — Miss Nancy A. Durham died at her residence near Mt. Oliver, on the 30th ult.... Mr. Abraham Bastin died on Tuesday, the 14th inst.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Kentucky, will meet at Somerset, Wednesday, March 12th. Bishop Scott will preside.

AN ACCOMPLISHED TEACHER. — Miss Florence Estes, daughter of our worthy townsmen, Dr. E. P. Estes, has opened a private school in her father's office. Miss Florence is well qualified as a teacher, and will doubtless succeed.

PERSONAL. — Miss Rosa Spears has some what recovered from her illness, but is still confined to her bed.... Joseph C. Benson has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia.... Mr. James K. Coffey has been sick for several days.... Miss Lula Cloud, a little Louisville beauty, is visiting Mrs. S. A. Coffey.

ACCIDENT. — The following casualties since our last, Mr. James W. McWhorter got his leg broken on the 8th inst., caused by a horse falling upon him.... Dr. E. M. Estes was returning home a few days since, and while crossing Carpenter's Creek, his horse became frightened at the ice and threw him. Ed. picked himself up in time to see his saddle-bag, containing a good amount of physic, float in the water below.... Mr. A. Coffey got kicked by a horse during the holidays.

PULASKI COUNTY.

SHREVEPORT.

COURT. — The Court of Common Pleas is in session.

THE FRIMMERSDAY SOCIETY. — Will meet again next Friday evening, after a long re- pose.

STAVE FACTORY. — Two Northern men

were prospecting in town last week, intending to build a stave factory at the depot in a short time.

RELIGIOUS. — Elder J. L. Allen, of Danville, preached at the Christian Church last Sunday. He will preach here again the 3rd Sunday of next month.

HOPS. — A hop at the residence of Mr. Perry Elliott, and one at Mr. James Sandifer's last week, furnished amusement "while" and "mirth" for the young people.

DEATH. — Mrs. Price, an aged neighbor, who was hurt by a fall on the snow a short time ago, has recovered from its ill effects.... Miss Ann Eliza Davis has been seriously ill for many weeks, but is now thought to be slowly convalescing. We hope she may soon be restored to health.

TOO POOR TO EAT. — Game of all kinds have been unusually abundant, for some time past. Partridges and other birds pay daily visits in large numbers to barns and granaries, and are victimized by trap and shot-gun on all sides. Two or three gentlemen of this neighborhood, went hunting last week and bagged fifty-five rabbits — the result of one day's sport.

A SENSIBLE OWL. — During the recent severe cold spell, Mr. Marion Murphy, upon entering his barn one morning discovered an owl blinking slowly down upon him from its perch on a rafter over his head. Something singular in the appearance of the bird attracted his attention, and

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 24, 1879.

THE WEATHER.

January 17th.—Raining. Thermometer 40° at noon.
18th.—Clear. Therm. 37° at noon.
19th.—Clear and windy. Therm. 12° at noon.
20th.—Clear. Therm. 38° at noon.
21st.—Clear. Therm. 50° at noon.
22nd.—Clear and windy. Therm. 60° at noon.
23rd.—Cloudy. Thermometer 38°.

LOCAL NOTICES.

CHW JACKSON's best sweet navy tobacco. Just received a fine lot of Seisors at low prices by Anderson & McRoberts.

We want money to pay rents and other expenses. Anderson & McRoberts.

For Day-books, Ledgers and memorandum, call at Anderson & McRoberts.

BLACKSMITHING done in good order and at bottom prices, by B. G. Alford. Give him a call.

We have waited three years for some account and now we want some money. Anderson & McRoberts.

WELL'S PHARMACIST "HACKEMTAC" is rich and fragrant try it. Sold by E. H. Cheneau, Stanford.

I am just compelled to have what is due me, and my customers will confer a favor by settling their accounts at once. John W. Wallace.

This firm of Bohon & Stagg having been dissolved, becomes important that their accounts should be settled at once. All indebted to them will please come forward and settle at once.

BUSINESS CHASERS.—Messrs. Cheneau & Stagg have bought out the firm of Bohon & Stagg, and will remove their stock of druggs to the latter's old stand. Mr. S. Stagg has purchased Mr. W. H. Anderson's interest in the drug store of Anderson & McRoberts, and the new firm will be McRoberts & Stagg. Dr. J. T. Bohon goes out entirely. Invoicing will commence Monday next.

BANK MATTERS.—The new Directors of both Banks met this week and were sworn in. The old officers are retained, viz: J. H. Shanks, President, Dr. J. B. Corn, Cashier, and Joe S. Grimes, Teller, in the Farmers National; and J. W. McAllister, President, John J. McRoberts, Cashier, A. A. McKinney, Sr., Teller, in the National. In publishing the names of the Directors in the Farmers National last week we inadvertently substituted the name of Asher Owley in place of E. B. Woods.

ACT NOW.—If we put off doing a thing until the time arrives that we should have it done, it may then be too late. Now that the winter is more than half gone, our friends, the Haydel Bros., have concluded to close out at about cost all their Winter goods, with a view to making room for large Spring purchases. Those who would act wisely should go there and lay in a full supply for another year, as goods can be had of them now for nearly half less than you will have to pay for them next Fall and Winter.

CANDIDATE FOR THE LEGISLATURE.—E. S. Gooch, Esq., upon whom a very complimentary call is made in this week's issue to become a candidate for the Legislature, is a young man about 30 years of age. He is a representative man of his precinct, is a straight, clean record as a Democrat, and possesses the confidence of his neighbors to a superlative degree. He was elected county Surveyor in 1874, without solicitation on his part, upon the Democratic ticket and served four years. If the claims of the Democrats of Waynesburg are recognized, Mr. Gooch will be our next representative.

MURDERED AND BURIED.—When we went, John Ferrell and his wife were arrested for the murder of George W. Sutton, a shoemaker, who, for the last four years had resided in the city. He was given a trial and condemned to death. The trial was held on Friday, and the facts elicited were enough to shock even those who are accustomed to deeds of violence and murder. It was proved that Sutton, Ferrell and his wife, spent the night at John Weaver's, some five or six miles distant from Crab Orchard, a frail dame being the object of their visit. Next morning Sutton left and in a short time after his departure, Ferrell followed with an old mule, ostensibly to hunt rabbits. At first, he was in an opposite direction, but soon circled around and stepped in Sutton's tracks, came up behind him and emptied a load of shot and broken nails into his head, tearing a hole nearly two inches in diameter. The pockets were then rifled and left turned wrong side out, and the body dragged from the road to the wood, and covered up in snow behind a log. A short time after the shot was heard, Ferrell returned to Weaver's, and in answer to an inquiry as regards to the blood on his coat, said that it came from a rabbit he had killed, and proceeded to wash out the stains. As there was no direct proof of the guilt of Ferrell, he was introduced as a witness and swore that the Friday previous, Ferrell had told him that he intended to kill Sutton for his watch and money, and that he had borrowed not quite a load of squirrel and bird shot from him (both kinds of shot were found in Sutton's head). Ferrell was held without bail and lodged in jail here, Saturday. The indignation against him at Crab Orchard was very great, and threats of lynching were loudly made. It is one of the most brutal murders that ever cursed this blood-stained county, and the feeling a people, man, is sure to pay the penalty for it with his neck, a death far too good for the perpetrator of foul a crime. In jail, Ferrell acts like a wild man, pacing his cell ever and anon, apparently fearing that a moment's rest would be too much for his overburdened conscience. He protests his innocence, and says that he is a conspiracy against him, but his story is so badly constructed as to leave but little doubt that he is not wrongfully accused. He claims that he is a native of Lee County, Virginia, and that Sutton was also from that county, but both have since lived in Tazewell, Tennessee. In appearance, Ferrell is not the looking person that one would think capable of such a deed, being a young man of passably fair exterior, but the facts and the evidence seem too direct even to admit of a doubt of his guilt.

ATMORE.—WILLIAMS.—Col. C. P. Atmore, the efficient General Ticket Agent of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern Railroad, was married last Wednesday to Miss Estella Williams, an accomplished lady of Montgomery, Ala. We extend our hearty congratulations to the happy pair.

WEDDING.—WREN.—On the 23d, at the residence of the bride's father, Stephen Wren, Mr. Thomas Woods to Miss Sarah Wren.

STEPHENS.—MARCHAL.—At Honey Grove, Texas, on the 15th, Mr. T. M. Stephens and Miss Leonora Marchal, formerly of Danville. Mr. Othello R. Marshall, of this place, was one of the attendants.

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STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, January 24, 1879.

INTERESTING STORY.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"You had better come to me this summer," Aunt Ryder had written to me; "and we will talk over your future plans together. I do not like you to live alone."

Alone! That was the word in the letter that struck like ice upon my sore heart. I was utterly alone! Rodney Wallace was with his step-father when he died, and heard this confession, too late to remedy the evil. He told me only,

"And—Rhoda?"

"Rhoda was so young she probably never heard of Elsie's engagement. Rodney, promise me you will never tell her. Remember that Bayard Woolston, fortune hunter, forger as he was—was yet her father?"

"Would I grieve her?" Rodney cried; "you little know me if you think I need that caution. It is the one hope of my life to live from her heart the shadow I see so often upon her dear face, to make her life all sunshine. Elsie was the love of my youth, a very dear love, and even to-day I can thank Heaven that her memory may be sacred to me, that she was not false as I so long believed her. But Rhoda is my manhood's love, and we do not give our hearts lightly at forty. If Rhoda does not love me, my life is ended!"

I stole softly upstairs. Over my empty grave I burned my false, cruel letter, vowing in my most heart to the publisher at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscribers will be responsible until express notice with payment of all arrears is sent to the publisher.

And it was to me—to me who so hated him, that he turned for companionship all through that long summer time! He sought me every where, and I could not escape him without positive rudeness. Aunt Ryder was delighted. She loved me, and she believed Rodney Wallace to be a very king among men, talented, honorable, and in every way set above his kind.

And I, little by little, learned a lesson I had not dreaded when near him. How could I love when I hated? How could my heart be won by my sister's murderer?

I asked myself these three questions passionately, fiercely, as the truth was burned upon my heart. I told myself I hated Rodney Wallace, and when he spoke to me, when his soft brown eyes rested upon mine, he knew that I loved him, loved him for what I had believed he lacked, for honor, for truth, for constancy.

It is two years since we married. All the shadows are gone from my husband's face, and he tells me his pictures are painted by the light of love. And I am utterly happy, knowing my darling sister sister was never wronged, loving my husband so fully that it seems but a misty dream that ever his name was in my heart only to hate and execrate.

How to Burn Coal.

A very common mistake is made and much fuel wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but servants, to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it has become red hot. Hence, for a while the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface, then put on merely enough to cover a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and, as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on is pretty well kindled.

One resolve I made—I would never marry Rodney Wallace. I knew that he would ask me; I could not believe, even yet, that he would again seek love, as he sought Elsie's and mine and desert me, as he had deserted her.

Yet when he wrote to me a manly, straightforward letter, asking my love, it cost me hours of wildest weeping to move my heart to refuse him. This was how it came to be dusk when I folded my answer at last; my answer, containing a cold, proud rejection of the honor he offered to me. I was in Aunt Ryder's sitting room, a cozy little boudoir opening out of the drawing-room, when I folded the letter. I sank back in a deep arm-chair, holding it in my hand, and bidding my life's happiness farewell.

Never again would the deep, sweet voice that I loved, open for me the treasures of memory collected in years of travel and art in life. Never again would the sad, brown eyes brighten at my coming, the grave lips part to smile at me.

He would believe me a coquette, and never know my love was not feigned, but given against my will, reluctantly.

While I tried to nerve myself to send away the fatal letter, I heard steps in the drawing room, and then Aunt Ryder spoke.

"Rodney," she said, in a tender voice, as if she was speaking to her own son, "you have made me very happy. I hoped this would happen when I introduced you to Elsie's sister."

"Elsie's sister!" Rodney cried, harshly, as I had never heard him speak before, "is she as fair and as pale?"

"Hush! Elsie was not false."

"Not false! Was she not my betrothed, almost my bride? Did I not love her with all the strength of my heart? And when I left her—for what? to prepare her home, our home, she wrote to me never to return, for she had deceived me, and loved another."

"She broke my heart, she desolated my life! And now—now—now tell me the woman I love, as I never hoped to love again, is Elsie's sister?"

My heart throbbed as I passed through the door of the elevator boy, at the same time remarking, "It is a devil of a small room for such a large hotel."

Rodney, in those days in Paris, when I knew but little of your story, your name was a legend in the city, when I first met you, I was in love with you, and you were the most beautiful girl I had ever seen."

"Do try to brighten up a little, Rhoda, for one of my great pets will be here!"

"And who is she?" I asked, being quite accustomed to seeing Aunt Ryder speak every body.

"This time it is he. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Yes!"

"He came to Paris some eighteen years ago, and your uncle was very intimate with him. They were both artists, and had a mutual admiration for each other's works. He was very reserved, very—very sad, and was only a few months in Paris, had a dangerous illness, through which we, your uncle and I, nursed him back to health. I have not seen him since I left Paris—nine—ten years ago."

"Does he happen to have any thing so convenient as a name?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Rodney Wallace. He painted that portrait of mine over the piano at home, with 'R. W.' in one corner!"

I could not answer, and presently Aunt Ryder said:

"Your black dress, and those dead white roses make you look perfectly ghastly! Do wear a little color!"

"No," I said; quickly, "I do well enough."

An hour later, black dress, white roses, ghastly face and all, I was pre-

sented to a tall, grave man, with iron-grey hair, and soft brown eyes, the very reverse of the gay Lothario. I had pictured as the man who had "loved and left away."

I did not anticipate any change in Rodney Wallace's face when I was introduced to him, for Elsie's father was not my father, Elsie's mama was not my mama, though there were never sisters dearer to each other than we were.

Was young, romantic, and I hated this grave, sad man with all the impetuosity of my youth and romance, and yet he wed me from the first. There was a grave patience about him that reminded me of Elsie; a quiet waiting, as if, for her, as her, her's dream were over, and death more welcome than dread.

And it was to me—to me who so hated him, that he turned for companionship all through that long summer time! He sought me every where, and I could not escape him without positive rudeness. Aunt Ryder was delighted. She loved me, and she believed Rodney Wallace to be a very king amongst men, talented, honorable, and in every way set above his kind.

She was thirty-seven when she died; wasting away slowly, I thought of no danger till it was too late! Peacefully, patiently as she had lived she fell asleep in death, and I, sensitive, impetuous, all unlike her, mourned as few mourn, even for the dead. In the autumn we laid her in the churchyard, and all winter I staid in our old home with only the servants and our old nurse who had been our real house-keeper since Elsie was a baby."

But I accepted Aunt Ryder's invitation, and was preparing to visit her for the summer, when I found the key note to Elsie's life, her diary. She had intended to burn it, but death crept upon her so softly that she left many a task unfinished, and upon the last pages were recorded the simple, homely details of her last day on earth.

I read it. I am not going to quote it here, but far back upon the yellow pages I read how my sister gave her heart years before to one Rodney Wallace; how they had loved and exchanged vows and rings, and a wedding was set, and how he left her to prepare a home in the city for his bride, and never returned.

Through every page ran a fine thread of her heart-breaking constancy, revealing to me the secret of the proud patience of her life, that made no moan, but shut up its agony till it ate into her very existence, and carried her to her grave.

How I hated him! How I cursed him! This traitor—this false lover.

I was young, and Elsie was my very idol.

If I could avenge her; what hot, hasty vows I made in my wrath to do so. I longed to desolate the life of her renearest lover as Elsie's death had desolated mine.

I burned the diary, because upon one of the pages Elsie had begged I would, if ever I read it.

Then I finished my packing, and went to my Aunt Ryder's.

She was the widow of my mother's brother, and our grandfather's estate was divided now between herself and me. For my father had been a poor man, and Elsie's father left only the house and grounds to mother. Only I was all mine after Elsie died, house, grounds and our mother's wealth. And I was an heiress in a small way, having the income of fifty thousand dollars at my command.

Aunt Ryder took me to Newport, and insisted on my wearing thin, light, black dresses, and white lace instead of my heavy mourning, and I did not care enough about any thing to oppose her. All my energies seemed numb by Elsie's death.

We had been but a few days at Newport, when Aunt Ryder, who is a handsome, sprightly woman, greatly admired in society, met some friends she had known in Paris, where she had lived many years. She was quite excited over this meeting, and insisted upon having a luncheon party at our cottage. I submitted to being dressed in black organdy and having white roses put in my blonde hair, caring nothing for it all, until she said:

"Do try to brighten up a little, Rhoda, for one of my great pets will be here!"

"And who is she?" I asked, being quite accustomed to seeing Aunt Ryder speak every body.

"This time it is he. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Yes!"

"He came to Paris some eighteen years ago, and your uncle was very intimate with him. They were both artists, and had a mutual admiration for each other's works. He was very reserved, very—very sad, and was only a few months in Paris, had a dangerous illness, through which we, your uncle and I, nursed him back to health. I have not seen him since I left Paris—nine—ten years ago."

"Does he happen to have any thing so convenient as a name?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, Rodney Wallace. He painted that portrait of mine over the piano at home, with 'R. W.' in one corner!"

I could not answer, and presently Aunt Ryder said:

"Your black dress, and those dead white roses make you look perfectly ghastly! Do wear a little color!"

"No," I said; quickly, "I do well enough."

An hour later, black dress, white roses, ghastly face and all, I was pre-

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